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O! sweet are the strains which we raise
 when we know,
 There's an echo in every warm heart that
 is here,
 That each eye with congenial emotion
 shall glow,
 Give a smile to the gay, to the plaintive a
 tear.
Edinburgh.

Dion.

SELECTED POETRY.

AUBERT; OR, THE PEASANT OF THE
 MARNE.

REPLANT the vine! alas! whose hands
 Shall plant again these wretched lands?
 Replant the vine! alas! no more,
 Youths, that have till'd these fields before,
 Shall rouse them from the sanguine plain,
 Or plant the banks of Marne again!
 Forth from the east let morning break—
 Shall Aubert's sons to toil awake?
 O'er the brown meads let noonbeams
 burn—

Shall Aubert's sons from toil return;
 And seek refreshing shades to share
 The cool repast—their mother's care?

Let the calm eve invite repose—
 Shall Aubert's sons their labours close;
 To the gay pipe amid the grove,
 Tread the light dance and speak of love;
 Or, listening to a father's fears,
 Learn all th' experience of his years?
 No!—morn, noon, eve, in Aubert's day,
 In grief, deep grief, must pass away;
 For Aubert's sons, his hope, his pride,
 On Marne's green banks in battle died!

Shall vines again luxuriant spread,
 For Aubert, where his children bled?
 Shall the bright purple clusters glow,
 In mock'ry of a father's woe—
 As though his children's blood they drank,
 In revelry, on Marne's green bank?

Ah, no! congenial with our fate—
 Banks of the Marne, lie desolate!
 Or if the vine beside thy flood,
 Rise from our hapless children's blood,
 O, may its earliest foliage wave
 Over each wretched parent's grave!

Aubert, in youth, had felt the flame,
 That, kindling at his country's name,
 Spread animation through the land,
 The foes of freedom to withstand.
 He, when th' invader's vaunts were heard,
 First in his country's ranks appeared;—
 And, "France," he cried, "I'll die for thee.
 Be thou triumphant and be free!"
 —The patriot, with such heart and hand,
 Can always victory command—

He fought—it was for freedom's laws—
 He bled—'twas in his country's cause—
 He triumph'd—and his ardent mind,
 Thought it the triumph of mankind.
 But, ah! when Aubert would have cried,
 (Glowing with independent pride)

"France, lovely liberty is thine—
 Freeman! in peace replant the vine!
 Our rights are gain'd—our tumults cease—
 Freeman! replant your vines in peace!"
 When thus he would have cried, he saw
 A warrior-despot scorn the law;
 Mount with false greatness to the throne,
 And strive to make the world his own!

Aubert, with indignation fired,
 Mournful to Marne's green banks retired.
 There, as he reared his sons and taught
 That liberty for which he'd fought,
 He saw their spirits rise elate,
 The rights of man to vindicate!

Meantime, against the despot's claim,
 The injured nations, vengeful, came!
 O, France! thy hamlets sink in fire—
 Loud shriek the matron and the sire!
 How loud—how sad—'mid shouts, arise
 O, France! thy lovely daughters' cries!
 Then to the despot's martial ranks,
 Were call'd the swains of Marne's green
 banks:

And Aubert saw his sons advance,
 Though not for freedom—yet for France!
 They fought—and Aubert mourns their
 fate!

Banks of the Marne, lie desolate!
 Or if the vine beside thy flood,
 Rise rooted in his children's blood,
 Its sanguine clusters soon shall wave,
 Dreadfully sad, o'er Aubert's grave!

T. NOBLE.

Liverpool Mercury.